

# The Middletown Transcript.

VOL. XIV.

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 22, 1881.

NO. 30.

**This Invitation**  
From **John Wanamaker.**  
On visiting Philadelphia you will find, among other places of interest, the **Grand Depot** well worthy of a visit. Its floor and gallery spaces now cover over three acres, and are filled with Dry Goods, Carpets, China, Furniture, etc. The last addition is a large and beautiful **Picture Gallery**, to which admittance is free.  
The **Pneumatic Tubes** carrying the money through the air, and the **Electric-Light Machinery**, are also worth seeing.  
There is a **Lunch-Room** in the building. Valises, baskets and packages can be left in charge of attendant in **Ladies' Waiting Room.**  
Mr. Wanamaker is desirous that visitors should feel at home when they come, and be free to purchase or not, as they please.  
NOTE.—Our large Catalogue, with prices and full directions for shopping by mail from any part of the United States, will be mailed gratuitously upon request, address **JOHN WANAMAKER, GRAND DEPOT, PHILADELPHIA.**

## THE NEW MIDDLETOWN DRUG STORE.

The public will find at my new store, in the building formerly occupied by S. R. Stephens & Co.,  
**MAIN STREET, MIDDLETOWN, DEL.**  
A complete and carefully selected stock of  
**PURE DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES, SUNDRIES, &c.,**  
And, in fact, everything that is usually kept in a  
**First-Class Drug Store.**  
My Prescription Department is under the immediate supervision of Dr. S. P. ROBERTS, who is a competent and experienced physician.  
**PRESCRIPTIONS**  
Carefully compounded at all hours of the day or night.  
apr. 22-4f. **F. C. WEST**

**MIDDLETOWN DRUG STORE.**  
Barr's Old Stand. Established 1844.  
**S. B. GINN,**  
DEALER IN  
**Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery,**  
Toilet and Fancy Articles, Fine Soaps, Brushes, Patent Medicines,  
And Druggists' Sundries Generally.  
Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.  
**WINDOW GLASS, PUTTY, &c.**  
Prescriptions and Family Recipes accurately compounded of Strictly Pure Medicines.  
jan5-4f  
"IN MEDICINE, QUALITY IS OF THE FIRST IMPORTANCE."

**CHAMBERLAIN'S PHARMACY.**  
Main Street, opposite Middletown Hotel.  
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, FINE TOILET SOAPS, BRUSHES, COMBS, ETC., PERFUMERY AND FANCY TOILET ARTICLES.  
A full line of all the Popular Patent Medicines of the day constantly on hand.  
THE PURCHASING, COMPOUNDING AND DISPENSING  
For the above establishment is under the direct supervision of Dr. G. G. Chamberlain, who has been connected with the drug business for the past thirty-five years, and may always be found at his store when not on his professional visits.  
mar25-1y.

**HAS STOOD YEARS OF FIELD TESTS!**  
**BAUGH'S**  
**Raw Bone Super Phosphate.**  
AN AMMONIATED SUPER-PHOSPHATE.  
Ask your dealer for it, and, if he does not have it, "TAKE NO OTHER," but address  
**BAUGH & SONS, Sole Manufacturers,**  
JULY 22-4f. 20 South Delaware Avenue, PHILADELPHIA.

**Commission Merchants.**  
WM. STRUTHERS. WM. J. WOOD.  
**JOSEPH T. STILES**  
WITH  
**STRUTHERS & WOOD.**  
ESTABLISHED 1850.  
GENERAL PRODUCE  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
238 North Del. Avenue,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
QUICK SALES, Good Prices, Prompt Returns.  
Correspondence Invited. Consignments Solicited. Send for Shipping Cards or Samples. Refer by Permission to W. J. Brown, of W. B. Kenyon & Co., Dry Goods, 217 Market Street; J. F. Jones, Grain, Hay &c., Germantown, Pa.; J. S. Hunsell, Farmer, Bancroft, N. J.; First National Bank, Camden, N. J.; Chas. Willis, Farmer, Haddonfield, N. J.; Thompson & Birt, Wholesale Grocers, 7 & 8 Arch Street, Phila.  
—H. W. RETZE,  
PRODUCE DEALER,  
AND  
**Commission Merchant,**  
No. 820 GIRARD AVE., PHILA.  
Butter, Eggs, Lard, Live Poultry, &c. Best Rates and Prompt Returns.  
For terms and references address as above.  
apr8-6m.  
J. E. HENDRICKSON. R. A. BRICE.  
**J. E. HENDRICKSON & CO.,**  
Produce Commission Merchants,  
222 North Del. Avenue, Philadelphia.  
WE REFER TO:  
R. C. Fennimore, Odessa, Del.  
R. E. Cochran, Middletown, Del.  
Jas. Brice, Chester, Md.  
P. Hendrickson, Philadelphia, Pa.  
Union Nat. Bank, Philadelphia, Pa.  
F. P. Conroy, Chesapeake City, Md.  
dec 13-1y  
**Chas. T. Polk,**  
Fruit and Produce Commission Merchant,  
320 NORTH DEL. AVE.  
CONSIGNMENTS SOLICITED.  
apr8-6m  
\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and conditions sent free. Address: HALL & Co., Portland, Maine.

### THE CONSERVATORY.

How'er I came to do it I do not know. We to the wait ourselves had been devoted. Gliding as smooth as lowland rivers flow. To the delicious music around us floating. But even to the lovers of the dance. Weariness comes in rooms like ours heated. Paused: we to calm our whirling brains, and chance.  
Took us to the conservatory. Seated within a cosy room ourselves, we found The air about us with roses' perfume laden. While from the distant dancing room the sound Of music faintly came. A fairer maiden Than she who sat beside me, I may say, Never lived. Her cheeks were flushed, rosy-tinted; Her dark lashed eyes a clear, deep, soulful gray.  
Her hair the hue of gold but newly minted; Lips red as coral—shaped like Cupid's bow. That sweetly smiled, the pearly teeth displaying.  
Tapering arms; plump shoulders white as snow; Kissed by soft tresses from confinement straying.  
Surely, Georgiana, had she known how fair She looked—had realized my great temptation— She would have pined, pardoned me, I swear, For that unlooked, stolen occasion.  
I know that it was very, very true. But for her pardon I abjectly pleaded. She might have been a little less proud—A little more forgiving have conceded. But, no; with flashing eyes and cheeks deep flushed.  
She only said: "Sir, take me to my mother!" And so I did, and was completely crushed. Soon to behold her waiting with another. And yet I do not think she looks me quite; And really I suspect she told the story. For every girl I later met that night. Took me at once to the conservatory.  
—Boston Post.

### HISTORY OF ST. ANNE'S CHURCH.

[The following is an extract from a sermon delivered by Rev. Dr. McCabe, October 22, 1870, and published in the TRANSCRIPT a few weeks later. As much interest has recently been expressed in the history of this noble church, and as more than ten years have elapsed since the article was published, we think it not amiss to again give it a place in the columns of the TRANSCRIPT.—ED.]

From Humphrey's account of the labors of the Missionaries sent from England, by "the Society for the Propagation of Christianity in foreign parts," I find the following: "The inhabitants of Appoquinimink were so zealous as to build a convenient church about the year 1705, long before they had any settled minister. They used to be sometimes visited by the Rev. Mr. Sewell, from Maryland, and Mr. Wanford, the Society's Missionary in Dover hundred. They applied to the Society for a Missionary, and the Rev. Mr. Jenkins was appointed to that place. Upon his arrival he found the people much scattered in their settlements; and New Castle Town, which was then vacant, being settled closer and more commodious, he officiated there for sometime at first, but soon after by direction of the Society, returned to his own cure of Appoquinimink. However, during his stay at New Castle he was not neglectful of his duty. At his return to Appoquinimink in 1708, he drew together a large congregation of about 200 persons, who were, for the most part, very conscientious hearers. He had thirteen communicants the first time he administered the Lord's supper. He wrote to the Society that 'the people were so earnest in religion that about twenty persons had discoursed with him in order for their due instruction, and were preparing themselves against the next administration of the Lord's supper, and also that a great many grown persons were preparing themselves to receive the Holy Baptism, and that he hoped soon to be able to send over a joyful account of his farther success in his labors.'—But, five months after, he died, and was exceedingly regretted by all who were acquainted with his merits, and especially by his parishioners. The Vestry of his parish wrote this concerning him: 'He died to our unspeakable grief and loss, and we must do that justice to his memory as to assure the Honorable Society that he behaved himself in all respects, both as to his doctrine and life, as became the sacred character he bore, and God did so bless his labors here, that before he died, he saw our Church in a flourishing condition.'

That, as we perceive, was 162 years ago.  
"The Society," says Humphrey, "did not send a missionary thither for a considerable time, on account of being engaged to support other missions to the extent of their funds; however, the people were not quite destitute. They were occasionally visited by the Rev. Mr. Byork, a Swedish minister, who came from Christiana, Kan, on Delaware river, to perform Divine service once a month. They were visited, also, by the Rev. Mr. Club, but often by Mr. Ross, from New Castle, and some other missionaries. But the clergy there, in the year 1715, with much earnestness represented to the Society that the state of several places in that Province was deplorable. Many churches which were once filled with considerable numbers of communicants, whose early zeal had led them, though poor, to erect those decent structures for the service of God, and at some of them to build commodious houses for the reception of their ministers, were, through a long vacancy by the death or removal of the Missionaries, quite desolate; and great opportunities were given for the sincere members of the church to be seduced to errors, especially the people of Appoquinimink, and all of Bucks, Kent and Sussex counties. They assured they had done the utmost they could in their circumstances to keep those congregations together by dividing the care of them among themselves, and visiting them sometimes on week days, and baptizing their children, and instructing their youth, but the great distance from their fixed cures, rendered the service out of measure difficult."  
"The Society moved with the representation, sent the Rev. Mr. Merry, Missionary to Appoquinimink, but upon account of some difficulties in the Mission, he did not settle there, but after a short stay in those parts returned to England. The Rev. Mr. Campbell was afterwards sent mission-

ary here, but left and went to Brookhaven."

Here ends the quotation from Humphrey. The next appointment by the Society was Rev. Mr. Hackett, who died in 1733, and his tomb stands in the church yard of Immanuel Church, New Castle. The last minister sent by the Society was the Rev. Mr. Rading, who, after laboring faithfully for many years in the Parish, died in 1773, and his tomb, now nearly one hundred years since erected, stands in a good condition of preservation to the right of the church porch. I presume a period of some years elapsed before the church had regular service, for I can find no other name as Rector, with the exception of Mr. Bissett, in 1791, and Mr. Dashiell, who officiated here in 1794 until the accession of Rev. Mr. Reese, in 1802, who held the Rectorship for six years, and was succeeded by the Rev. Lyon Davis, who remained until 1822, and was again Rector in 1832. The list stands as follows: Reese, Davis, Smith, Miller, Robinson, McKenny, Coleman, Peck, Bauman, J. H. Tyng, D'Ozanne, Freeman, Harrold, Billip, Goldsborough, Brown, McCabe. Of these, since 1802, seven-teen in all, eight are living—the rest, gone to that place where those who sow in tears here, shall reap in joy. Their record and their reward stand, we trust, in the book of Divine remembrance for good, and we believe "they are without fault before the throne of God."

I have thought it expedient to refer to the history of this Parish for a period of 165 years, because so few of the present generation are acquainted with it. The present church of St. Anne's, though doubtless more than one hundred years old, was never consecrated until 1847, twenty-three years since, during the time the Rev. Andrew Freeman was Rector.

### BAKUNIN, THE NIHILIST.

During the reign of the Emperor Nicholas, Moscow was the headquarters of the opposition to his system of government. Old Believers who hated the Established Church, old Russians who hated modern ideas, Slavophiles who detested the German influence, Pan Slavists who dreamed of a still larger Russia, discontented nobles, romantic poets, freethinking philosophers, liberals of all shades, found there a Cave of Adulthood. Ivan Bakunin, the son of a wealthy noble, had been educated at the imperial school of artillery cadets. He graduated honorably, but instead of being placed in the Guards, he was sent to a lonely post in the interior. Here, with nothing but trivial details demanding his attention, and out from all congenial society, the young lieutenant became melancholy and reflective. He neglected his duties, was forced to resign, and at once proceeded to Moscow. Here he met Herzen, Tourgueneff, Aksakoff, and others, all young, all enthusiastic, and all devoted students of Hegel. Their days were spent in perusing the "Logik" and "Esthetik" of their oracle, and their nights in animated discussions as to his meaning. Friends who in other respects had been inseparable fell out for weeks together over their various conceptions of the nature of Absolute Intelligence, and of *Dan an und fur sich sein*. Bakunin declared that he would make the study of Hegel's Logic the business of his life. "Hegel's views," he wrote, "are allied to our socialist theories. His philosophy makes men free; it leaves no stone in Christendom unturned; it liberates the world from obsolete traditions." Having learned all that Moscow could impart, he went to Berlin, and listened to the Hegelian expounder, Michelet. But even Berlin did not satisfy his thirst for knowledge. He removed to Halle, and imbibed wisdom from the lips of Arnold Ruge. In the Halle *Jahrbucher* for 1842, Bakunin made his first appearance in print. "The Positive," he writes, "exists only in the contrary of the Negative; the destruction of the one is the completion of the other. Moderation is impossible, for it implies that both are equally true or false. The Negative alone determines the balance, and comprehends the totality of the contrast." Then, leaving mere discussion of the master's great principle of the "identity of contraries," he waxed more impassioned: "Let us cry aloud, 'Repent, repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand!' The spirit of Intelligence, the ever young, the ever new-born, is not to be looked for among the ruins of the past. It destroys and annihilates only because it is the faithless and ever-creating fountain of all life." Noble words, which, alas! like Hassan-Ben-Saba's search for truth, ended in strange results.

We need not speak of Bakunin's life during the eventful years of 1848 and 1849. He was in the thick of every revolution. From Paris he went to Prague, from Prague to Dresden. He advised the insurgents to burn Dresden when taken prisoner himself, declared to his captors, "In politics the issue alone determines what is a crime and what is a noble action." The Saxons government handed him over to Austria, Austria transferred him to Russia, and after long confinement in the Schlusselburg, the hapless Hegelian was sent to Siberia. He escaped under circumstances which involved that violation of his parole from which men of honor shrink. When he returned to Europe, his welcome was a cold one. He alienated all shades of the revolutionary party by his cynicism and inconsistency. When, in 1867, the International Society was

formed, Bakunin joined it, but soon formed from among its more advanced members a new body, "L'Alliance de la Democratie sociale." The programme of this new society was at entire variance with the programme of the International. It demanded the abolition of the State, the extirpation of all religion, collectivism not communism, an organization of society from below by its own voice, not from above by authority. Even within this alliance Bakunin organized a smaller and more select body, "The Secret College of Brethren," which carried on the organization after his death. It is these secret brethren who teach that "killing is no murder, but a just punishment," who threaten kings on their thrones and ministers in the cabinet, who demand the "suppression of God," and proclaim that their immediate object is anarchy. The field of action of Bakunin's society is Russia, because there it finds a people at once simple-minded and fanatic, there it finds a nation honey-combed with secret sects of the wildest tenets and strangest practices, and because there it can command the faith of disciples as self-sacrificing as Hassan's "Devoted Ones." During the Crusades, Henry, Count of Champagne, visited the Syrian chief of the Assassins. The Frank prince boasted of the courage of his fellow-Crusaders; the Assassin made signs to two of his followers to leap from the towers of his castle, and they plunged down to certain death. Peter the Great and Frederick I. of Prussia are the subjects of a similar story. "Let us see," said the Czar, "which of us obeyed the best. Order one of your troops to jump down this precipice." Frederick gave the word. The German soldier asked permission to go home and say good-bye to his wife before making the leap. Peter signed to a Cossack. The man dashed forward to the giddy verge, when the Czar dragged him back. "My subjects," he exclaimed to Frederick, "place my orders before their families." Such, to-day, is the devotion of the Nihilist to the orders he receives: martyrs are always ready when the executive committee calls for them. This dreaded body assumed its present form in 1878, when, in the dark woods and forest of Litepsk, the first convention of terrorists was held. The organization is at once elastic and strong; it consists of autonomous groups and an ever shifting center. One day the committee meets in London, another day in St. Petersburg, another day in Geneva. It has command of large sums of money, for on entering the society the neophyte surrenders his fortune as well as his liberty of action, and it employs all the resources of modern science for its destructive ends.—HUGH CRAIG, in *Harper's Magazine* for August.

THE WAY PLATE GLASS IS MADE.—To cast, roll, polish and burnish plate glass requires machinery of peculiar construction, and a "plant" that is costly by reason of its complex nature. The pouring of liquid glass from the furnace upon the cast-iron plates, and the subsequent rolling, are processes, comparatively simple. Any housekeeper who has used a rolling pin on a batch of pie-crust dough performs an operation very similar to this stage of plate glass making. It is the succeeding processes of grinding and polishing and final burnishing that require time and costly mechanism. After leaving the rolls and bed plate the glass is rippled and rough, and only fit for gratings and skylights. Each plate must be transferred to machines that resemble the turn-tables of a railway. On that revolving platform the glass is cemented into a bed of plaster-of-Paris, and the machine started. Bearing heavily on the surface of the glass are blocks of metal, and while in motion the surfaces are kept supplied with sharp sand and a constant stream of water. The next stage of the glass-grinding process is the same as to machinery, but instead of sand, coarse emery is used. Then finer emery is used in another revolving table, and so on for half a dozen times. The final polishing is done by heavy reciprocating devices, fed with rouge, and maintaining a constant back and forward motion, and also lateral movement over the surface of the crystal. All this requires the assistance of a large force of men, many of them skillful laborers. After going through these different grindings and polishing, the plate that measured an inch in thickness is only three-quarters of an inch thick, has lost all its roughness, and is ready for the show window of the purchaser.—Pittsburgh Telegraph.

ETI, YOUNG MAN?—DeWitt Talmage says: Under society's best the fellow man must dress as well as his fellows, give suppers as others do, and smoke as good cigars as his companions. To do this he must borrow, perhaps force. By this awful process hundreds of thousands of men have been slaughtered for time and eternity. People don't understand the ethics of debt. If I go into debt knowing I cannot pay for what I buy, I steal. A sneak thief is not so bad as a man who contracts debts intending not to pay for them. Some people move every May-day to escape their creditors. If there are any such here they ought to be in the penitentiary instead of a church. What did debt do for Lord Bacon, towering above the intellect of his age? It made him take brides. What did debt do for Sir Walter Scott? It forced him to write until paralysis stayed his hand. What did debt do for Robert Burns? It sent him to the maddening cup.

Since coming to Cleveland, said Mr. Wilcox, I hear that the Kid, since his daring escape, has killed three more men who were in the employ of John Chisum, the cattle king. The cowboys, four in number, were seated, so says a report, around a fire, "the Kid" rode up and inquired: "Are you working for old John Chisum?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then here's your pay!" A bullet from the Kid's pistol

### A DARING DESPERADO.

"BILLY THE KID," AND HIS BLOODY RECORD OF CRIME.

The doings of a noted boy desperado, known by the euphonious title of "Billy the Kid," have been frequently chronicled in the telegraphic columns. "Billy the Kid" is bound to achieve even more fame than the noted Wild Bill, who, according to western lore, used to kill a man or two before breakfast. Billy's field of operations has been mostly confined thus far to the broad prairies of that boundless State, New Mexico. Billy is a terror, and Late Wilcox, of the Las Vegas, N. M., *Daily Optic*, now visiting in the city, knows all about the terror of the plains. This coming to the ears of a *Leader* man, he sought out the far western journalist, subjected him to the torture as an interview, and elicited the following facts: "The Kid," according to report, was once a New York bootblack. Reading dime novels and trashy story papers turned his head, and he bought himself a revolver and started for the boundless west. On the way he lingered long enough in Ohio to kill his first man, after which he made tracks for Texas, where he became a cowboy. His deadly skill as a marksman and his unquenchable desire for gore, gave him the name and fame he coveted—that of a brutal desperado. He was one of the leaders in the Lincoln county, New Mexico war, killing several men. After this fight was over he became the leader of a gang of outlaws, and committed numerous atrocities. So offensive did his operations become that the governor of the State offered five hundred dollars reward for his capture. The citizens combined to help the officers of the law bring the fugitive to justice, and after a hard chase of two weeks he was captured and jailed. He, with four companions, was tried at Mesilla, N. M., and sentenced to be hung on May 3d, 1881. While in jail he confessed to Mr. Wilcox that he had killed no less than thirty-two men. "The Kid" is less than twenty-one years of age, tall and slender, with blue eyes and a beardless face.

He had warned the authorities that he would make his escape, remarking: "You know, boys, that in order to make this hanging a success you must have me there, and I don't intend to be present." He struck his guard over the head with the hand shackles that were on his wrists, and then snatching the revolver from the belt of the guard, he quickly ended the latter's life with a bullet. He then coolly walked up to the house just across the street, where the other guard lived, and, picking up a shot-gun, seated himself to await the guard's return. A few moments later the latter, unconscious of any danger, strolled toward the house. A voice called out, "Hello, old fellow!" The guard looked up and saw "Billy the Kid" with the gun in his hand. A second later there was a loud report, and the guard staggered, dying from a wound in the side. To make sure of his work, Billy sent the contents of the other barrel into the guard's body. This made the second man he had killed within ten minutes. Dropping the shot-gun, he entered a rear room which was used for storing supplies, and armed himself with half a dozen six shooters, a Winchester repeating rifle, and all the ammunition he could conveniently carry. The report of the gun had caused quite a number of people to assemble around the building, and when Billy appeared on the porch every man reached for his pistol. With his Winchester rifle at his side, not raising it to his shoulder, Billy began to shoot, and the men began to scatter.

"I am fighting the whole world for my life," said he, "and I mean business." He then ordered one of the men to get him a horse and a file. He mounted the former, and with the latter filed off the shackles upon one of his legs, and, not stopping to remove the other, he severed manacle with his chain to his belt, so that it should not impede his movements. Not a man in the crowd dared to draw a bead on him, and, saying that he did not intend to steal the horse and would return it, Billy started out of town on a gallop. Before he had gone far the horse "bucked" and threw him. He jumped up, and at the muzzle of his pistol compelled one of the men to catch his horse, which he remounted and rode away, and has not since been seen or heard of. It seems almost incredible that one man could take possession of a town and make his escape in the face of a score of armed men; but such is the fact.

Billy is said to be a master of the use of the revolver. He is a dead shot, and can shoot quicker than any man in New Mexico. He can use an ordinary Colt's revolver as quickly as another man can a self-loading pistol. He shoots with his left hand as accurately as he does with his right, and his aim with a revolver in each hand, shooting simultaneously, is unerring. With a Winchester rifle he can shoot as well with the gun at his side, without apparently taking any aim, as most men can shoot in the usual way. His equal for the quick and unerring use of firearms has never been known in New Mexico.

Since coming to Cleveland, said Mr. Wilcox, I hear that the Kid, since his daring escape, has killed three more men who were in the employ of John Chisum, the cattle king. The cowboys, four in number, were seated, so says a report, around a fire, "the Kid" rode up and inquired: "Are you working for old John Chisum?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then here's your pay!" A bullet from the Kid's pistol

pierced the man's brain the same moment. Seeing the murder of their comrade, the other cowboys sprang to their feet, but before they could draw their six-shooters, that of the Kid had exploded twice again, and two more of the cowboys fell. Pulling down on the remaining, the murderer shouted, "Hold up!" The command was promptly obeyed. "Now," continued Billy, "I want you to live to take a message to old John Chisum for me. Tell him that during the Lincoln county war he promised to pay me five dollars a day for fighting for him. I fought for him and never got a cent. Now I intend to kill him wherever I meet them, giving him credit for five dollars every time I drop one until the debt is squared, and, if I happen to meet him before, I will kill him and call the whole account settled. All I am living for now is to get even with my enemies, and I expect to be in this country till I do that."

The Kid then rode away toward the Pecons, and the cowboy, after seeing that his friends were all dead, made haste to the nearest camp, where he told his story and secured assistance to bury the bodies of the murdered men. Heavy rewards are out for the Kid, but there seems to be but one man in all that section with nerve enough to follow the Kid; that is the sheriff, Pat Garrett, who is on his trail, and, unless killed himself, will get the Kid eventually.—Cleveland Leader.

### A CYCLONE'S AWFUL WORK.

A TOWN IN MINNESOTA ALMOST DEMOLISHED IN AN INSTANT—UPWARDS OF A HUNDRED HOUSES DESTROYED. A SCENE OF DESTRUCTION AND CONFUSION. HAVOC OF THE LIGHTNING.  
A cyclone, terrible in its effects, devastated New Urm, Minnesota, on Friday of last week, killing several and wounding many of its inhabitants. The city is situated on the right bank of the Minnesota river and on the Winona and St. Peter Railroad. It is the county seat of Brown county and has 3,500 inhabitants. It contained a large number of fine buildings, among them two mills, five public schools, two academies, several churches costing from \$5,000 to \$25,000 and the finest public hall in the North-west. The cyclone struck the town shortly before five o'clock on Friday afternoon, demolishing over one hundred buildings and killing or wounding upwards of thirty persons. Though other towns in the vicinity were visited by the storm to a greater or less degree of violence the full force of the cyclone vented itself at New Urm. According to the evidence of eye-witnesses two tornadoes met right over the place and the work of destruction was accomplished in less than fifteen minutes. The course of the cyclone could be distinctly discerned and it seemed to be moving in separate volumes from north to south.

At 4.30 o'clock black clouds gathered with great rapidity. The thunder and lightning were terrific and the wind blew a hurricane, while the rain descended in blinding sheets. There was a moment's lull and then the cyclone struck the town, almost destroying it, and then disappeared as suddenly as it came. Its effects are almost indescribable. Some houses were struck by lightning; others were lifted up bodily by the violence of the wind, and others were demolished by flying debris from the other buildings. Scores of dwellings and stores were entirely destroyed. Very few escaped uninjured, but many had their roofs blown off or were so badly injured by the wind that they will have to be pulled down and rebuilt. The storm was most destructive in the north end of the city and whole blocks of frame buildings were swept away. Hardly a barn or a stable escaped, and it is estimated that over one hundred horses and cattle have been destroyed. J. G. Randolph, Mayor of the city, estimates the total loss at \$500,000, and the lowest estimate is \$350,000. Aside from the loss of life the worst feature of the calamity is that none of the property destroyed is insured against accident of this kind. Many have lost their all. The streets are filled with the debris of the shattered buildings, and on every side evidences of the wreck are visible. The Methodist and Lutheran churches, both substantial brick edifices, were swept away, and the steeples of three Roman Catholic churches were blown off and the buildings gutted. The Dakota House, the leading hotel, was partially destroyed. The roof of the Court House was lifted bodily into the air and has not been seen since. A sugar factory and two public school buildings are in ruins and the remaining school house partly demolished.

The lightning struck the depot three times, but made no impression on it. Every lively stable in town has been destroyed. The heaviest individual loss falls on J. H. Hosenstein, who had just completed a brick brewery at a cost of \$30,000. The building was entirely destroyed; no insurance. Lightning struck the boiler room of the Empire flouring mill and shattered the building, letting out 20,000 bushels of wheat, which is irreparably damaged. A number of buildings struck by lightning caught fire and the town would have been destroyed in this way but for the rain, which descended in torrents. The only lumber yard in the town, owned by Miller & Scherer, was struck simultaneously by lightning and tornado and has not been seen since. Eye-witnesses state that the scene during and immediately after the storm was fearful to contemplate and beyond the descriptive powers of the most graphic pen. People who were out on the street at the time were literally blown away and numbers were wounded by flying debris. Whole sections of tin roofing were sent sailing through the air by the fury of the storm and twisted and crumpled up like paper.

### INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.

BY G. G. NORTHRUP.  
Secretary of Connecticut Board of Education.

No feature of the educational systems of Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Belgium, France and other European countries is more striking to an American observer than the large number of industrial schools, especially designed to train apprentices and make skilled workmen and competent foremen. These schools are very numerous, and as various as the kinds of industry pursued in each country or province. There has been the greatest progress in manufactures in those countries where these schools have been maintained longest and most liberally.

Geneva has for many years maintained a Horological school, and the Swiss watches have long been celebrated throughout the world. Last summer I visited the new Horological Institute then building in Geneva, a magnificent edifice to cost over \$200,000, and also witnessed the work of the school then in its old quarters. The course of study and practice covers three years. There were seven instructors, who are experts both in theory and practice. No one can graduate till he has proved his skill, again and again, by making an entire watch of standard excellence. The patient training of these classes, or rather of each individual member, in the minutest particulars, both in theory and practice, and the criticism of defects in the work done, illustrate the attention given to details in all industrial schools.

The same attention to minute details is seen in the Industrial School at Lyons, France, to which the pre-eminence of that city in the manufacture of silk is largely due. It has twelve professors, and the course of study occupies three years. Here, as in all industrial schools, a prominent study is drawing, drawing ornaments, tinted drawings, and sketching plans of machines from memory. Thorough instruction is given in every detail relating to the manufacture of textile fabrics, especially of silks, the natural history of silk, treatment of the silk worm and cocoons, spinning, throwing, weaving, and testing of silks; sorting and cleaning; winding, warping, and beaming; changing of looms for weaving different styles; defects in operation and their remedies; decomposition of tissues; chemistry, especially as applied to dyeing and printing; physics, with its applications to heating, steam boilers, drying and ventilation; mechanics, embracing prime movers, materials and constructions; hygiene, including physiology, noxious and useful animals, dangerous and unhealthy occupations, contagious diseases and how to avoid them; rural economy and "industrial plants." Manual exercises are conducted in the workshops in making, mending, putting up and shipping looms, in turning, filing, forging, fitting and various joiner's and machinist work. Frequently visits are made to the various factories in Lyons, under the lead of an instructor, where every part and process is fully explained. The students afterwards draw from memory plans of patterns and of machines.

About one hundred pupils on an average are in attendance. The regular charge for tuition, use of laboratories and workshop is \$140 a year. Indigent students are aided by the Chamber of Commerce and Municipal Council of Lyons, so that a portion only pay the full tuition. That this school, conducted without aid from the Government of France, should be so liberally supported by the citizens of Lyons, and continue to flourish for so long a period, is ample evidence of its great usefulness in the opinion of the most competent judges. More than sixty years ago France started special schools in the arts of designing, engraving and dyeing; in silk and ribbon weaving and lace making; in carving, stone cutting and diamond cutting for the world is still carried on mainly in Paris; in porcelain and various ceramic productions, and the pre-eminence thus gained is still retained. The artistic manufactures of France command the markets of the world. The industrial schools more recently organized in Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, Austria, Italy and England, which in the aggregate are numbered by thousands, make these nations formidable competitors in artistic work.

When invited by the Minister of Public Instruction of France to visit the National Porcelain Factory at Sevres, I expressed to him surprise that such an establishment should come under the supervision of the educational department, to which he replied, "It is because it is the duty of this department to supervise and control the preparatory school for Sevres, which you should first visit." On inspecting this school of design in Paris, I found in the lower rooms the methods and work of a first class drawing school. But in the upper rooms the classes were painting on elegant goblets, cups, plates, vases and other choicer wares, just brought from Sevres and to be returned there for baking. After witnessing this truly artistic work, I no longer wondered that in the Sevres factory itself the artisan had indeed become the artist, and that only men of princely wealth could procure the products of this unrivaled establishment.

In Belgium the girls have shared the advantages of the industrial schools as well as the boys. The schools for training in lace making and embroidery, in Brussels, have long been celebrated. (Concluded on fourth page.)







